

A Paper of Art and Literature.

NO. 25.

Instrumental music must have had another mission than to be studied and admired only with closed doors; already had it known how to acquire for itself some popularity, and endeavored to keep even pace with the Opera. This ambition seemed, too, in the beginning, under the auspices of CORELLI, to succeed; but it went utterly to wreck through the unskilfulness of the followers of this happy master. CORELLI'S sonatas are, in their kind, what the vocal music of SCARLATTI was in its kind; they were almost classical works, and they stood far above the orchestra and chamber music, which followed and prevailed until the time of BOCCHERINI and HAYDN. This epoch was a true interregnum of good instrumental music; its miserable and quite forgotten productions prove both the impotence of the composers, and the erroneousness of the principles on which they depend.

The Italians had laid it down as a principle, that instrumental music, in its very nature, must be subordinate to vocal music;—a view, which at that time was not and could not be disputed. Where both co-operate, the first must necessarily be subject to the second; the instrumentists, skilful as they may have been, had not yet reached so independent a position, that they could rival the singers. On the other hand the contrapuntal music, even in the land where it had been most successfully cultivated, had even less to show in the department of instrumental music. A fugued chorus of HANDEL, a motet of BACH were far superior to the finest things, which these masters had written for the organ, the clavichord and the orchestra. In short, in the concert music, the human voice remained ever the most beautiful and most expressive of all instruments. From these facts it has been not without some show of reason concluded, that instrumental music without vocal accompaniment, and relying on its own resources, is only a surrogate of vocal music; and that for this reason the instrumentists, like servants without masters, like the lackeys in comedy, had to assume the manners of this absent master and to model their style of composition and of execution after the arias, duets and choruses in the Opera; in a word, that they had to imitate the singers, so far as their feeble means permitted. Such were the maxims prevailing in Italy and consequently in all Europe, as one may see from all that is said upon this subject in the books of the eighteenth century, and especially in Rousseau's dictionary, the most respectable organ of the ultramontane views. The first consequence of this theory was, that every composer, who felt any talent, had his attention turned from this unhonored and subordinate department; and that the instrumental music fell into the hands of people, who were personally convinced of their own mediocrity. The second consequence was, that this mediocrity in a department, to which discouragement or timidity drove them, still sank below itself. In this way the theory seemed only too well justified by practice.

Even to this day imitation of the vocal style is recommended, both to those who compose, and to those who execute concert solos. Why not, since here the instrumentist takes the place of the singer? Under the fingers of a virtuoso the violin, the violoncello, the viola, the flute, the clarinet, the fagotto and the oböe produce a cavatina with about as much soul, taste and method, as the most perfect singer. Nothing but words is wanting; but this deficiency the virtuoso will know how to offset through the means afforded him by the compass of his three or four octaves, through a lavish use of *foriture* and of *tours de force*, a richness, a variety of satisfactory and finished passages, before which all the bravura of vocalization becomes pale. PAGANINI, it is well known, proposed a wager to MALIBRAN, and like a gallant knight he offered to bring only the fourth part of his power into play, namely the G string alone, against a singer, who with an extraordinary compass of voice combined the most brilliant bravura in our epoch. But it is known too, that the challenge was not taken up. Thus we see, that even in concert music the instrumentist, though he imitates the singer, must do more than the singer. An Adagio of the violoncello must be something more than a *Cantabile* of the tenor, in order to equal this *Cantabile*; and an Allegro

of the violin something more than a bravura air of the soprano, to be as brilliant as this bravura air. If it were otherwise, if the instrumentist limited himself to playing pieces practicable for the voice, he would naturally remain always inferior to the voice; and for this reason the instrumentists of the eighteenth century, whose mechanical means hardly exceeded those of the singers of their time, were not their rivals, but their doubles. Then at least the vocal style, which they employed in their capacity as soloists, was no more out of place, than it is to-day. But of what avail would it be to apply this style, these forms and phraseology of the Opera, to the classical orchestra and chamber music, where the interest turns from the individuals to the whole, from the performers to the composer? I will cite here the acute remarks, which Gerber makes upon this point in his Lexicon of Musicians, in the article on J. S. BACH, one of the best in the work, and one of the few, the material of which has warmed up the compiling vein of the indefatigable lexicographer even to the reasoning point. Says he:

"The style of composition, in which Melody reigned unlimited, had in the eighteenth century the upper hand, and finally extended to all kinds of music, including of course instrumental music. Since the composers at that time sought their ideal of melodic beauty and even the materials of their labor only in the songs of the theatre; and since on the other hand these songs had to conform themselves to the situations of the poem, where the feelings to be expressed frequently change with every line; it followed, that the instrumental pieces of this pattern placed us in the situation of those, who hear an unknown opera arranged as quartet. You perceived nothing, but these heterogeneous, fragmentary and oddly contrasted ideas, resembling a rosary composed at hap-hazard of beads of all conceivable sizes and colors."

Yes, this motley mosaic, this succession of incoherent melodies, as the programme of an action which does not exist, and which it does not enable any one to understand, this libretto with blank pages, this *adapted* music, which is adapted to nothing, all this must have been very wretched! What persons of taste would not have preferred an opera music, which they understood, to a music without any sort of meaning?

There lay the immense advantage, which at that time the dramatic composers had over the instrumentists. The former found the infallible level of the detailed plan for their labor marked out for them in the poem; the latter were utterly without aim or compass. Since they had shaken off the yoke of the canonical counterpoint, they were wholly at a loss what to set about with their freedom. They did not dream, that they, to enter the lists with the dramatic composers, had got to do entirely differently and infinitely more than these did; that, to counterbalance the charm of speaking music, the expression of the passions in tones, the combined pleasures of the eyes and of the soul, they had got to lift themselves to heights unattainable by the Opera; that to the relative value of music applied to the drama, they had got to oppose an absolute or purely musical value, namely that whose character we have defined in treating of the Fugue. Till then however, the contrapuntists alone had been in a condition to afford an instrumental music

intelligible without a programme, which was clear and significant through its own logic, which prudently economized its own stores, was continually shifting and always consistent with itself. It was not possible therefore, by following the steps of the theatrical composers, but only by adhering to the method of the fuguists, for the grand instrumental music to enter upon that astonishing career, at whose goal is found the overture to the *Zauberflöte* ("Magic Flute"), and in which the science of composition seems even to have reached its end. But how was the melodic style to attain to the rationality and the strict unity of the Fugue, and yet preserve its independence, its charm, and the power and variety of its positive expression. Just there lies HAYDN's secret.

Nothing in Art, any more than in Nature, forms itself by leaps and without some transition. Great classical masterpieces are always announced by some more or less brilliant beginnings, which have served to prepare the way for them. The application of the Fugue method to expressive melody, or in other words, the approximation of the two opposite extremes in music, offered in the nature of the case an unlimited field, and more degrees of ascent than any one musician alone could traverse. HAYDN was neither the starting-point nor goal of the style of instrumental composition, which he brought to so high a pitch of perfection. EMANUEL BACH was his immediate predecessor and his pattern; BOCCHERINI was his competitor, and GLUCK, who was some twenty years older than he, composed the overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis" at a time when he could owe HAYDN nothing.

GLUCK was, so far as I know, the first, who wrote classical pieces for the orchestra in a style not fugued. By the term *classical* we understand here, as everywhere, works, which are not perishable, to whatever species they may belong and whatever character they may bear. Even the Piccinists in their arrogant contempt for instrumental music confessed without difficulty, that Italy possessed no instrumental master, who could be compared with GLUCK. They put a sort of pride in this confession. Every nation has its own peculiar genius, said Laharpe. To the French, dramatic art; to the Italians, song; to the Germans, instrumental music: *Suum cuique*! GLUCK's portion, though by far the humblest in the opinion of this Aristarchus, was on the other hand the clearest of the three, since the two others still disputed one another's claim. That of the French had already been disputed by the English and the Germans in behalf of SHAKESPEARE; that of the Italians by GLUCK himself, who maintained, that his tragic song was worth considerably more than theirs.

In the overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis," one of the true and oldest patterns of great instrumental music, we perceive but the first step in the imitation of the mode of treatment characteristic of the spirit of the Fugue; it limits itself to introducing unity and a clear meaning into the melodic work. Years have but added to the beauty of this masterpiece, which still sounds new to our ears! What a mournful sublimity in the introduction, what majestic grandeur in the Allegro! how happily *motived* in a musical point of view, and how admirably adapted to the outline of the poem, is this mixture of warlike and pathetic thoughts, which uninterruptedly succeed and alternate with one another, as rapidly and closely



as the waves of a rushing stream! Agamemnon's pride, Achilles' rage, Iphigenia's tears, all are expressed in it. And what makes the merit of the picture? The fact, that the emotions, to which the overture alludes, without individualizing them, express themselves, and could express themselves under the same forms on the stage. There is not a sentence in it, which resembles the vocal song; not one, which seems to call the text to aid and make the programme necessary. Separate the overture from the opera, and let the hearer know nothing of the relations which connect them, and still the piece will preserve all the integrity of its musical signification. In intention it is applied music, in execution it is pure music. Nevertheless, what sort of critical remarks would the masterpiece of GLUCK excite at this day? It would be objected to it, that it is too long, that is to say, rather monotonous. The overture to "Don Juan" is much longer, and no one ever finds it too long. The reason is, that GLUCK, who dealt sparingly with his thought, reproduced it continually throughout the whole course of the work, after the manner of the fuguists, and consequently made use in it of hardly any other principle than modulation. Such a means does not suffice in a work of this extent. Whether a phrase in the Tonic comes up again literally in the Dominant, or *vice versa*, it still remains always the same phrase. The ear, which becomes accustomed to it in the new key, perceives no difference.

(Conclusion next week.)

### Opera and Opera Managers in New York.

[From Putnam's Monthly Magazine.]

There is the opera! Dimes, thou Apollo of the boxes, does not thy heart beat a sort of overture of delight at the very sound of the word? Ah! you say, in that elegant lackadaisical manner which you alone know how to manage; ah! dear delightful Astor Place, how charming it was! What happy, happy hours did I spend there, languishing with Donizetti, flirting with Rossini, trembling with Mozart, deafened with Verdi, Truffi, Benedetti, Bosio, Beletti—names that, spell-like, conjure up visions of past delights! What delicious little boxes, what enchanting gossips, what nods and becks and wreathed smiles flew across the little house in which everybody knew everybody! It was heavenly, I tell you!

But those times are past now, and the old Astor is gone with them, and in its place a splendid edifice has sprung into existence, farther up. We cannot venture to predict the success of the Fourteenth street opera house, because to be connected with an opera enterprise appears to be as unlucky for those concerned, as it was to be the owner of the Seilian Horse, or to have a piece of Tholosan gold in one's pocket.

But say you, Dimes, that notwithstanding all these terrible failures, opera managers appear to be a thriving race?

There's the miracle! The opera manager in the dull season rushes off to Europe to engage a troupe. He has just been utterly ruined by his last speculation, yet we find him taking a first class passage on board of a Cunarder, and drinking his Burgundy and Geisenheimer every day at dinner. After he has been gone a couple of months, indefinite rumors reach us through the medium of the press, of the great things that he has been doing; the wonderful artists he has engaged, the extraordinary stratagems he was obliged to resort to in order to circumvent rival impresarios, who wanted to obtain possession of the celebrated prima donna assoluta, Signora Chizzzzilini from the Teatro San Felice. It is also hinted that he has been obliged to pay the artists prodigious sums of money, as earnest for the continuance of their engagements, though where he got said moneys the public is not informed. Well in a

month or so, the broken down and bankrupt manager returns per steamer in the very best health and spirits, and accompanied by the different members of this new troupe. Ha! at last the campaign is about to be conducted with spirit. Every wall is covered with placards containing a glowing prospectus of the ensuing season. There are at least two dozen operas, never performed in this country, that are to be produced almost immediately, "with new scenery, costumes and decorations, at an expense of several millions of dollars." The public is on the tip-toe of expectation, and every one talks about the good time coming, and every one feels a sort of mental shower bath, when *La Sonnambula* is announced for the first night. And *La Sonnambula* it is through the whole season, with perhaps a slight sprinkling of *Lucia* just to freshen the people up a little. But they go, notwithstanding, with a good natured pertinacity worthy of all praise, and listen to the choruses they know by heart, and the solos they could sing in their sleep, with a sort of trusting confidence that the manager will perform his promises yet. The season draws to a close. Notwithstanding the fact of the house having been full nearly every night, it is whispered dolefully that the manager, poor fellow, is again ruined. One or two of the chief artists get suddenly indisposed on the evening of the performance, and the tickets are returned. It leaks out however, that the real cause was a rebellion on the part of the tenor, who was owed three weeks' salary, and who peremptorily refused to sing until he was paid. Every one pities the poor bankrupt manager, and when it is announced on the bills, that, as a close to the season and a chance for the impresario to redeem himself, the Grand Opera of "The Titans" will be produced, "with new and appropriate scenery, magnificent costumes, and gorgeous effects at an expense of—Heaven knows how many—thousands of dollars," the public, one and all, determine to support the enterprising manager. "The Titans" is produced—the scenery isn't much, certainly, for managers here seem to labor under an impression that as long as the scenery is "new," it does not matter in the least about its being good—and the house is filled night after night to suffocation. After a splendid run of about twelve nights, the public is astounded to hear that the manager is again ruined, and the opera no more. The singers have not been paid their salaries, and there are newspaper feuds between the debtor and his creditors. The manager is *désolé*. He has lost everything and must begin life over again, and as a preparation for so doing, starts for his elegant country house on the Hudson, where he enjoys every luxury that money can give him. After a pleasant rest, he starts again for Europe, pays more prodigious sums of money, returns with another brilliant troupe of artists, "manages again, and is again undone."

Now, neither of us, Dimes, has any objection whatever to an impresario making his fortune, but he really must not make it at the expense of the public. As long as he gives us an equivalent for our money we do not care if he pockets what is over. He has a right to be well paid for his trouble and we are willing to pay him. But we do hope that when our Academy of Music does open, that we shall see operas produced there in a different style from those wretched things, mechanically speaking, that were palmed off on the public at Niblo's and Castle Garden last season. Who does not remember the one oak-tree at the old Astor Place House? No matter what was the opera, that inevitable tree made its appearance. It shaded Norma or concealed Donna Elvira with equal indifference. It represented a forest or a garden with the same audacity, and yet every opera-goer was familiar with every painted furrow on its canvas trunk. We have had quite enough of this sort of thing, Dimes. Most of us have seen the great European theatres, and know how things are managed there. There are plenty of capabilities in our future Academy of Music for the production of any opera on a suitable scale. The stage, although not as deep as it might be, is amply large enough for scenic effects, and in interior beauty of form, we do not think it will be surpassed by any theatre in the world. A good

company, a trained orchestra, a conscientious management, prices not too low, and you, Dimes, in the boxes with your velvet waistcoat and opal buttons, are all we lack to make the Fourteenth street Opera House a permanent success.

### Weber's Music.

(Chorley's "Modern German Music.")

To Beethoven might have belonged the "Lear," and the "Othello," and the "Macbeth" of Shakespeare; but to Weber, such dramas of romantic fantasy as the "Winter's Tale," "Cymbeline," and "The Tempest." He was, what Hogg delighted to call himself, "the king of the mountain and fairy school."—His is music instinct with the spirit of that olden time, when there were omens whispered in the woods and battles foretold by the blood-red phantoms that brandished their arms and waved their banners in the West. The fancy of it is not unfettered with superstition; the hue upon it is either the pearly light of Dream-land, or that gorgeous tint which streams through some blazoned window garnished "with many a quaint device!" Not only have his airs and melodies a *costume*—in their merriment their is an echo of the elemental world, as well as in their sadness an appeal to Man's inner heart. Every thing in Nature that is wildest and blithest—the laughing of brooks as they leap from stone to stone, the glancing of early sunshine over the ocean when its waters are curled by the blithest of autumn breezes, the ecstasy of birds in the full enjoyment of life and summer—has a part and a reflection in Weber's livelier music.

Child of Romance! how varied was thy skill!—

Now, stealing forth in airy melody,

Such as the west wind breathes along the sky,

When golden evening lingers on the hill;

Now, with some fierce and startling chord didst chill

The blood to ice, and bathe with dew the brow;

Anon, thou didst break forth in brilliant flow

Of wild rejoicing, such as well might fill

The bright sea-chambers where the mermaids play.

All elemental sounds thou didst control;

The roar of rocking boughs,—the flash of spray,—

The earthquake's muttered threat—the thunder's roll,

Scattering, like toys, their changes through thy lays,

Till wonder could no more, and rapture silenced praise.\*

\* "Garland of Musicians."

### A Young Lady's View of the New Copyright Law.

To the Editor of the London Musical World.

DEAR SIR,—I cannot tell you how delighted I am with the sudden cheapness of Music. I bought Mario's beautiful "Donna e Mobile" for one shilling only this morning—and there's a shop in Oxford Street where you can buy Mendelssohn's Music by the quire and sheet, just like note paper. I don't know what is the real meaning of the music-sellers being so very liberal, but from what every one says I suppose it has something to do with all the fuss in the House of Lords, and about which you have been writing such very long articles. I can't make head or tail of them, except this, that it is thought that musical men are very immoral, and Government says that they are not to be encouraged, and so nobody is to pay them for anything they compose. It is certainly rather hard on the poor foreigners, but I hope Government won't prevent them from giving us lessons too, because, if so, how are we to learn singing? and what will become of the poor men? I am sure the Italian gentleman who has given me lessons in singing for two years at school, is a most harmless, kind, and gentlemanly man. He smiles so sweetly—he would not hurt a fly—much less a woman. He always gave me about twenty of his Romances every quarter, and now I mustn't pay him for them. Papa will be very pleased, because he used to say the bills were so heavy; but what will the poor Signor do, if his lessons are stopped, too? If one girl, twelve years old, runs away with her music-master, is that any reason why all the rest should suffer? But I know

this is the reason why the House of Lords won't allow composers to be paid, so that they may keep away altogether. Now, dear Mr. Editor, I hope you will write a pretty article in defence of foreign composers and music-masters. Although I am very glad to buy music so cheap, and to have all D'Albert's beautiful waltzes at half-price, I am very sorry that the composers should become poor and shabby. It will be very unpleasant if Mr. Blumenthal should be obliged to come to our school and give his lessons in corduroys, because he is not allowed to sell his music. I am, dear Mr. Editor, Yours, very sincerely,

AMELIA VINING.

Regent's Park, Aug. 28.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### THREE COLORS.

FROM ANASTASIUS GRUN.

Colors three I loved and cherished, fondlier than all earthly good,  
Warmler than the light of vision, than the throbbing heart's warm blood!

WHITE, the first; it was the color of my father's silver hair;

RED, the second; like twin roses were the cheeks that graced my fair!

And the third, the GREEN of meadows: meadows thy horizon spanned,

Glorious mantle of thy mountains, Hellas sweet, my native land!

All the three thou hast extinguished, barbarous, god-insulting foe!

Stained my father's locks of silver, and in cold blood laid him low!

Maneared my loved one, stealing from her cheek the rosy red,

Trampled down my country's greenness, sowing dust and death instead.

But I still hold dear those colors, dearer far than earthly good,

Love them warmler than eyelight, warmler than the heart's warm blood!

WHITE, the first; two white-robed lilies blooming now above those graves,

Where the relics of my loved ones rest from life's tempestuous waves!

RED, the second; ruthless murderer, blood of thine and of thy race!

GREEN, the third; the waving verdure o'er my heart's last resting place!

This wise spake the youthful hero, standing where his loves lay cold,

And a tear—the last one haply—pearling, fell upon their mould.

Round him death and desolation! horror's myriad shapes revealed!

And with desperate joy the warrior bounds to Hellas' bloody field!

Falling, dreams the son of freedom how his love has won its prize.

O'er his grave the circling colors greet his dim, prophetic eyes.

Blood of Turks, a rich, red current, moistens all his grave mound's green;

There next spring, in beauty blooming, is the white-robed lily seen!

C. T. B.

Translated for this Journal.

### Sentences from Robert Schumann.

On hearing Music with the Score before one.

Seeing a young musical student at a rehearsal of the eighth symphony of Beethoven zealously reading from the score, Eusebius remarked: "That must be a good musician!"—"By no means!" said Florestan; "he is the good musician, who understands a piece of music without the score, and a score without the music. The ear must have no need of the eye, and the eye no need of the (outward) ear."—"A high re-

quirement," exclaimed master Raro, "yet I praise thee for it, Florestan!"

After the D minor (Choral) Symphony.

I am like the blind man, who stands before the Strasburg Cathedral, and who hears its bells, but cannot find the entrance. Leave me in peace, young people, I understand mortal speech no more.—VOIGT.

Who will scold the blind man, if he stands before the Minster and knows not what to say? Enough that he devoutly lifts his hat when the bells ring out aloft.—EUSEBIUS.

Mannerism is disagreeable enough in the original, to say nothing of the imitators (Spohr and his scholars).

The emptiest head can hide itself behind a Fugue. Fugues are affairs only of the greatest masters.

The cultivated musician will be able to study a Raphael's Madonna with the same profit, that a painter does a Mozart's symphony. Nay more: to the sculptor every player becomes quiet nature, while to the latter the former's works become living forms; to the painter, the poem turns to picture, and the musician turns the picture into tones.

It is hard to believe that a peculiarly Romantic School can be formed in Music, seeing that Music is romantic in itself.

The mass like masses.

Nothing worse can happen to a man, than to be praised by a booby.

About Changes in Compositions.

Often two readings are of equal worth.—EUSEBIUS.

But the original is commonly the better of the two.—RARO.

He who is very anxious to preserve his originality, is already on the point of losing it.

Few of the most decided works of genius have become popular (*Don Giovanni*.)

Cheerful serenity, repose, grace, the characteristics of the antique works of Art, are also those of the school of Mozart. As the Greek portrayed his thundering Jove with a serene countenance, so Mozart also wields his lightnings.

## Music Abroad.

### England.

The Norfolk and Norwich Musical Festival commenced on the 12th and closed on the 16th of this month. The day performances included Beethoven's "Service" (Mass, we presume) in C; Rossini's *Stabat Mater*; Meyerbeer's 91st Psalm; and the oratorios of the "Creation," "Elijah," and the "Messiah." There were to be three grand Miscellaneous Concerts in the evenings, including Handel's "Acis and Galatea," and selections from the works of Mozart, Spohr, Weber and others. The principal singers announced were: Mmes. Bosio (her name stands always first since Grisi came away), Clara Novello and Castellan; Mme. Weiss and Miss Dolby; Messrs. Gardoni, Reichardt, Sims Reeves, Belletti, Weiss and Lablache. The band and chorus were to consist of 400 performers, with Benedict as Conductor.

LIVERPOOL.—St. George's Hall was to be opened on

the 18th with a performance of the "Messiah," followed by oratorios on the two following mornings, and miscellaneous evening concerts. Sir Henry Bishop conductor. Madame Anna Thillon has arrived after an absence of three years in the United States.

MANCHESTER.—The musical season has fairly begun; but great disappointment was caused by the illness of Sophie Cruvelli, who was to have sung at a preliminary concert at Concert Hall, also at the Philharmonic Society.—The Manchester and Salford Sacred Harmonic Society have been rehearsing the "Creation." Cruvelli and Tamberlik have been singing at the Theatre Royal in *Norma*, *Ernani*, *Otello*, *Fidelio*, &c.

LEEDS.—The first concert of the season will be a complimentary one to J. L. Hatton, the composer, classical pianist, and funny song singer, well known in this country.

### Germany.

MUNICH.—M. Hector Berlioz, who was sent here as correspondent for the *Journal des Debats*, during the Exhibition, intends having some of his compositions performed in a series of concerts. The General Music director, Herr Lachner, is on leave of absence. During the musical season, two grand concerts and one or two classical operas will be given every week. The concerts of the Hof Capelle will shortly commence. Mme. Jenny-Lind-Goldschmidt and Herr Otto Goldschmidt have arrived.

COLOGNE.—One of the first novelties at the theatre will be the new opera, *Der Admetos*, music by Herr Ferdinand Hiller, and words by Herr Roderick Benedix. According to report, the next production will be a very successful *quodlibet* opera, founded on an old Cologne tradition, dramatized by a local amateur.

A private note from our "Diary" (from whom our readers will soon hear in full) gives us a most tantalizing list of one week's musical opportunities in Berlin. "There have been given at the Opera house, beside ballets, Auber's splendid scenic "Fairy Lake" (*Feensee*), and Meyerbeer's *Prophete*." Leibig has given his weekly Saturday concert with this programme: Overture to *Tigranes*, by Righini; Andante from Haydn; Overture to *Les deux Journées*, Cherubini; Ninth Symphony, (!) Beethoven; Overture to *Coriolanus*, Beethoven; and Mozart's Symphony in E flat;—and all for five silver groschen, i. e. twelve-and-a-half cents? Two other theatres have been giving smaller operas, *Sonnambula*, etc., and the Dom Choir sang on Sunday. We are to have *Don Juan* on Friday next!"

"According to the best information I could get in Bremen, SCHUMANN'S condition is still very critical. I am afraid our rejoicings over his recovery came too soon."

An interesting lecture was given lately in the Theatre Royal, by Herr Sudre, to a numerous audience, including Prince Karl, a great number of officers and musicians, and several artistic and scientific notabilities. The lecturer described an invention of Herr Sudre, called *Telephonie*, or *Telegraphie acoustique*, which is a system of employing music in the symbolical communication of messages, especially military. All the combinations of the diatonic scale (*do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si*), simple rhythmic relations, (for signals with drums and trumpets,) as well as the usual musical notation, are pressed into the service. For military purposes a much greater variety of signals is thus obtained. The audience were surprised and delighted at the experiments.

BADEN BADEN.—On Friday evening, the 25th, a concert was given at the Kursaal—in the *Salon des Fleurs*, as it is called—by Miss Arabella Goddard, who was assisted by M. Vivier (horn), Sig. Bazzini (violin), and Mdle. C. Fischer (vocalist). A more brilliant and fashionable audience was never seen in the *Maison de Conversation*, which M. Benazet has rendered so attractive that all the "eaux" and "spas" of Germany, France, and Belgium (including Austria and the Tyrol) put together, sink into insignificance by the side of Baden-Baden. The whole of the first row of seats, near the piano-forte, was occupied by duchesses and dukes, princesses, princes, ambassadors, etc. Among these was the Princess Hohenlohe, who sometime since was on a visit to Queen Victoria in England, and the Grand Duke of Baden, who sets up for a connoisseur. The first thing in the programme was the *Serenade e Rondo Gioioso* of Mendelssohn, which Miss Arabella Goddard played to perfection, the orchestra accompanying her well. This fine and very difficult composition was probably unknown to every one present, the members of the orchestra included; but it was very much admired and completely successful. Miss Goddard next played Weber's *Invitation a la Valse* with infinite grace and spirit; and lastly a *bouquet*, so to say, of three charming little pieces—a *Lied ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn, the A flat *Impromptu* of Chopin (No. 30 of his works), and Charles Mayer's *Fountain*, all of which afforded the highest possible gratification. More elegant playing united to purer expression



and more unerring execution than this young lady's has rarely been heard. The connoisseurs here were enchanted with her, and the pianists themselves no less so. One of the latter, M. Pixis, who was present, paid her many hearty compliments.

#### Italy.

MILAN.—The début of our young Boston contralto is thus reported in a letter to the *London Musical World*, dated Milan, Aug. 26:—

Beyond a few concerts and benefits at the theatres, at which a miscellaneous selection composed of acts of various operas is served up to the public, we have positively nothing to record. We must mention, however, the first appearance of a new English (!) contralto, Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, who made her *début* at a concert, when she sang Arsace's *cavatina*, "Ah! quel giorno," from *Semiramide*, and created a *furor*. This young artist possesses a voice of good quality, powerful, and sympathetic. Her style is not yet finished, but she holds out promise for the future, and with proper training I have no doubt will take a high position. Miss Phillips repeated the *cavatina* at a second concert given for the manager's benefit, as also the duet with Assur, in both of which she was much applauded.—Balle has finished his new opera, entitled *Il Duca ed il Pittore*, the *libretto* by Piave, which is to be represented during the autumnal season at Trieste. He will then proceed to Turin to complete another opera, *Lo Scudiero*, which he is engaged to write for the Royal Theatre at Macerata. The season of the fair commenced with Verdi's *Troatore*, the principal parts being sustained by Madame Boccabadati and Signori Coliva and Contadini. At Turin, the new opera by Sig. Gagnoni, *Amori et Trappole*, was given on the 19th instant, and warmly applauded.

FLORENCE.—The Florence papers state that the autumnal season will open at the Pergola with Madame Borghi-Mamo in the *Barbiere*. The second opera will be Verdi's *Traviata*, with Madame Cortesi and Signor Fraschini. Report also speaks of a new opera by Signor Capecelatro. At the Teatro-Pagliano two new operas will be produced, one by Signor Capecelatro, entitled *David Riccio*, which has already been performed at the Scala at Milan; and one by Signor Biagi, of Florence, entitled *Gonsalvo di Cordova*. The first new opera to be produced at the Argentina will be Donizetti's *Don Sebastian*, the second, Meyerbeer's *Roberto il Diavolo*. The *prima donna* is Madame Monti. The composition of the *troupe* engaged for the Teatro-Pagliano at Florence is as follows:—Soprani, Mesdames Alaimo, Biava, and Abbadia; contralto, Madame Bocolini; tenors, Signori Landi and Arrigoni; baritones, Signori Amodio, Barili, and Morili; bass, Signor Domenechi, together with three second women, two 2nd tenors, two 2nd basses, and forty-eight chorists. The danseuses are Mesdames Berretta, Lavagi, and Santalicante-Prisco, Messrs. Mochi, Durant, Prisco, and Capozzi. The musical composers are Verdi, who will produce two operas, *Il Viacardello* and *Il Troatore*, and Signor Battista who will bring out his *Ernelinda*.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 23, 1854.

### Modern German Music.

One of the most entertaining and instructive books concerning Music, ever written in the English language, or perhaps in any language, is one recently published in London, from which we have already made some interesting extracts, and entitled "Modern German Music; Recollections and Criticisms," by HENRY F. CHORLEY. It is in part a reproduction of the author's earlier work, published in 1841, under the title of "Music and Manners in France and North Germany;"—a work to which we have felt indebted for not a little stimulus and guidance in the pursuit of a truer acquaintance with the great masters of the Tone Art. But the two elegantly printed volumes of the present work contain also much new matter; for Mr. Chorley tells us that since that time he has again and again visited Germany, "always, in such visits, looking to one and the same object of interest—always endeavoring to complete my knowledge of the state of musical creation, performance and artistic life," as they existed previous to what he calls "the year of confusion, 1848." He has re-written many chapters, but has modified no judgments, it having been his fortune "to undergo very few

conversions with regard to Music and its masters."

Few men are better qualified to write on Music, from the æsthetic point of view, and for the unlearned public, than Chorley. His criticisms for many years in the *London Athenæum*, have, in spite of their strong spice of individual prejudices, been the most acute, appreciative, well reasoned and instructive of any offered by the English press. His musical experience has been immense. Familiar with everything of note that has been performed or composed in our times; a zealous student of the classics of the Art; eagerly upon the watch also for all new things; the intimate of artists and composers; placed for many years in a position where he has had to note and fathom the whole tide of music as it sets so strongly every year through London; and, not content with that, pursuing the acquaintance with each kind of music, each composer, to the peculiar work upon the continent where it is most at home and may be heard in all its genuine perfection, with its own atmosphere, as far as possible, about it,—his whole life has educated him to the functions of a general reporter and exponent of the musical movement of the age. To this he adds the advantage of a large literary culture, and a nervous, vigorous, and often picturesque and eloquent style.

The narrative portions of the book are full of glow and sprightliness; the description of scenes and persons graphic and oftentimes humorous. You feel that there is a foundation of real enthusiastic love of Nature and of Art at the bottom of it all, which makes you ready to forgive his habitual severity and crossness upon certain subjects. If he has no patience with some of the new directions into which musical Art has seen fit to strike, in this our restless, novelty-seeking and adventurous age, it is because he so truly *loves* the immortal truth and beauty of the models, which long since inspired him, and whose charm can never be exhausted. Just we cannot think he always is; but what he says is always genuine, always thoughtful and discriminating.

The book before us is the carefully digested record of an enthusiastic music-lover's tour through Germany, in search of all the finest opportunities of hearing music, of meeting musical celebrities, and studying the character and manners of a most musical people, eked out with the later observations of an of course somewhat more fastidiously critical experience. But it is just this mixture of fresh spontaneous enthusiasm, and of critical severity, which makes a principal charm of the book. Its contents are various, and the list of topics appetizing to the amateur of music. First he takes us to the Brunswick musical festival in 1839, where all the stir and bustle of the occasion, all the peculiarities and grotesqueness of German life are sketched in incidentally with a vivid and a loving pencil. The musical feature of those three days was the conductorship and the piano playing and the artistic sway and magnetism of Mendelssohn. And it is with Mendelssohn also, the last days of Mendelssohn, that the book ends. We have already copied largely from these passages. Chorley, like all musical Englishmen now-a-days, is swallowed up in Mendelssohn, and swears by him in his impatience of such newer lights as Schumann, Wagner, Berlioz and Liszt. But his admiration is genuine and does not smack of so

much bigotry, as that of many English Mendelssohnians, who seem to wish to appropriate this god of their idolatry to their own nation, as if England had picked up and cherished "the stone which the builders (his own countrymen) had rejected." Verily the Germans must be much amused!

Next he takes us into the Harz region, and describes the scenery of the Brocken, and his encounters with travelling German *burschen* and their noisy revels; and tells the origin and history of the *Liedertafeln* societies, and expatiates on the beauties of the German part-songs and their good influence;—all in the liveliest manner.

Arrived in Berlin he hears and discourses on the *Freyshütz* and the genius of Weber, talks pretty plainly about the boasted German *prima donnas*, recalls the history of the Opera there, with happy characterizations both of the classical and of the clap-trap schools that have from time to time reigned upon its stage; and above all, gives an admirable critical appreciation of the operas of Gluck.

Dresden furnishes such texts as Weber's *Euryanthe*, which he describes at length; the organ playing of old Johann Schneider; and the strange theories and stranger operas of Richard Wagner, whom he cannot abide, charging even the overture to *Tannhäuser* with thinness of instrumentation, and the whole music of the piece with noisiness and dullness, although he by no means denies him merit as the poet of his own plots. Yet we cannot but think Mr. Chorley prejudiced and obstinately determined to know not Wagner nor anything that smacks of what is called "Young Germany." Of Robert Schumann he can scarcely speak in passing without uttering some outrageous thing. This is the more strange, since on so many themes his criticism is so generously, if severely just. Thus the entire chapter which he devotes to the music of Spohr, appears to us a model of sound criticism, and points out the whole rationale of that learned but manneristic composer's at first fascinating, but soon cloying charm.

At Weimar he talks of Hummel; at Leipzig he describes the Gewandhaus Concerts, and compares Bach and Handel, with an English leaning to the latter. He is at Bonn at the Beethoven festival; at Vienna he is eloquent about Beethoven and Franz Schubert; nor could his book be about modern German music and not full of these, its master spirits, any more than the play of Hamlet could be performed with the part of Hamlet left out. The lover of Beethoven will find a thousand things of interest in these chapters.

But it is useless to try to follow the author here through such a bewildering wealth of topics sweet to souls baptized into the sacred love of symphony and song. Suffice it to say, almost all the notabilities of modern German music figure in these pages. Most of them are presented in a genial and appreciative light; but in some cases personal antipathies appear to blind the writer. On Wagnerism, we may not fully judge him here, not having ourselves heard. But we have heard Lind and Sontag sing; we have heard them both sing Mozart's heavenly melodies, such as the *Deh vieni* from his *Figaro*; and we are surprised to hear Mr. Chorley charge the Lind with singing them in a sophisticated, over-ornamented manner, while Mme. Sontag alone gave

them in their purity and in their heartfelt simplicity. Here the comparison was certainly precisely the reverse.

But our chief end in thus dwelling upon Mr. Chorley's book was to induce our readers to procure and read it; and to suggest to some of our own publishers whether it might not prove a good speculation, as it would certainly be a public benefit, in this musically curious community, to reprint it in less costly volumes here.

#### William Mason's Concerts.

Mr. Mason, as our readers are already informed, commences his career here in his native city,—his first concert being fixed for Tuesday evening, October 3d. This from the necessity of the case will take place in one of the large music halls, to accommodate the numbers who will of course desire to welcome him and to witness his debut at home; although in such a hall the artist has to sacrifice somewhat of the effect of his instrument. It is hoped, however, that on his return from his first concert tour our young townsman will contribute his part to the sum of those more select and classical chamber concerts, which constitute the best part of our musical seasons. Why will not he and others of our most accomplished pianists, who have a true sentiment for Art, and who know how to interpret the true tone-poems, combine their forces some time in a series of historical specimens and illustrations of the best composers for the piano, from Bach and Handel gradually down to Liszt and Chopin, and the most modern? We certainly have an audience of a few hundreds who would eagerly seek instruction and rare entertainment in such a course. We propose it as a problem to our pianists, ready and able as they are to do a good thing, and who well know that "star" concerts of piano music, in large halls, for any length of time, are not a good thing, either for public taste or private profit. There is another of our young townsmen just returned, Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, who, from all accounts is also a very competent pianist of the solid, classical school. And there is Mr. DRESEL, soon expected back, who by all the best faculties of an artist, exerted in the most genuine and inspiring modes of Art for the two winters past, has made it impossible for us henceforth to hold such social communings with Beethoven and Mendelssohn and Chopin without thought of him. And there is Mr. TRENKLE, and others whom we need not name.

But to return to the matter in hand. Mr. Mason's programme is not yet entirely settled; but we can assure our readers that it will include a rare variety, so as exhibit all the strength and delicacy, all the bravura and poetry and feeling of his playing. Among the pieces contemplated are a Sonata of Beethoven; some impromptu, norturno, or ballad of Chopin; a fugue of Handel; one or two fantasias of "the prodigious school," such as that on the *Prophète*, or the Hungarian fantasy by Liszt; dreamlike little fantasies by Schumann; the "Winter's Tale," a rhapsody by Dreychock; some of the elegant productions of Stephen Heller; besides something original. The programme will appear next week. Meanwhile we take pleasure in presenting the following communication. It will be recognized as from a source whose commendation in such matters has always carried weight with it in this community; as from one who many years presided over the organiza-

tion which was so effectual in inspiring the first love for Beethoven's symphonies and for all great instrumental music in this city, and who from long and active interest in music as an educational matter among us, may justly hail these brilliant fruits of seed sown years ago.

WILLIAM MASON.

We observe a concert is announced to be given by one of our own race of musicians; a Boston boy, who, from infancy, has lived in an atmosphere of music, and who after acquiring all which natural impulse and home education could give, has spent some years in perfecting his knowledge and skill under the best instruction that Europe could afford. All this, to be sure, would be of little avail without the inspiration of original talent, and that devotion to ideal excellence, which are as necessary to perfection in musical art, as is a certain peculiar, delicate, nervous organization. But it will be a source of mingled pride and pleasure to Bostonians to observe and to proclaim the rare accomplishment of Mr. William Mason in the brilliancy and effect with which he touches the piano.

There is a peculiar propriety in having an artist of our own, to display the merits of instruments made here with such perfection as to yield to no superior. Our manufacturers can challenge Europe in the trial of excellence; and there will be but one who would seriously contest their claims. Erard is the only man who can dispute the superiority of our Chickering's, Hallet and Davis, and others, who are an honor to our city, and who exemplify our progress in the manufacture of musical instruments. In this state of things it is productive of no small pleasure, from the mere perception of the fitness of things, that a Boston player should be found adequate to give the best effect to the best instruments; and all who attend the concert announced by Mr. Mason will, we are satisfied, be convinced that in the most important qualities of piano-forte concert playing, we have never had a performer here, who could carry away the victory from him. This, we are well aware, sounds like very extravagant praise, not to say puffing. But we are perfectly willing to appeal to the decision of competent critics, after his first public performance. We have never heard such delicacy and clearness, mingled with such brilliancy and volume of tone from the piano, as when we listened to him. We have heard the sentiment of Kossowsky's delicate imagination, the somewhat dry accuracy of Rakeman, the noisy rattle of De Meyer, the lively and beautiful spirit of Jael;—but for variety of effect, for the combination of desirable qualities, for power, and softness, clearness and rapidity, liquidness and vigor, we think Mr. Mason will be appreciated by our public more highly than either of the very eminent players we have named.

We are aware that praise awarded beforehand is apt to prejudice the public against the applicant for its favor, rather than for him; and we prove our self-reliance, perhaps, rather than our discretion, in expressing an opinion which can derive weight only from general agreement. But we take the risk without the slightest misgiving; and if Mr. Mason does not produce the effect we prophecy for him, we will never undertake again to predict a decision of the Boston public. E. A. S.

POEMS. BY THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

With this polite and unpretending face, a new minstrel comes before us, just as the falling leaves, too early smitten, begin to warn the forest warblers off to warmer climes. Nor do his songs belie the promise

of his most urbane address. His are no "wood notes wild." He woos our ears with strains on which our English Cowley or the world's Horace would have smiled. No modern mockery shall forbid the fine old commendation which rose to our lips when we laid down this volume. "These are the poems of a gentleman and a scholar." Such indeed they are. Is that faint praise? Alas for the age which thinks it so! There is a virtue in that courtly phrase which may be clouded over for a time, but shall never be extinguished. A large-hearted gentleman, and a large-minded scholar, our new poet surely is. For beneath the gentle elegance and the scholastic finish which first catch the eye of him who fitly reads the verses of Mr. Parsons, a genial nature glows, and a quick thought stirs. Our new poet, we call Mr. Parsons, for though there were not a few who had long known and marked his worthy service of the Muse, the world at large (for which, of course, like a self-satisfied critic as we are, we assume to speak,) is now first summoned to his singing.

And strange it will seem, we doubt not, to many, that one so gifted with the poet's eye and ear, and whose numbers range so freely "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," should have given us now a first volume so moderate in size. The explanation of this phenomenon, as we may justly call it, is to be sought in the fastidious spirit which the book reveals, and in the complete finish which the artist has given to the works from which he has thrown aside the veil. It is not too much to say that no American poet has ever surpassed Mr. Parsons in the modulation of his verse. His decasyllables are worthy the age of Anne, and the "maiden's hearing" must be rather hard which could find more sweetness in the strains "sung by the Rhine," than in the flow of Mr. Parsons's "Campanile di Pisa." And here is a "Song for September," in which the sensitive ear of an accomplished friend of ours caught a graceful and "cunning" change which will perhaps escape you, reader, on your first careless reading, (as, indeed, it ought to.)

"September strews the woodland o'er  
With many a brilliant color;  
The world is brighter than before—  
Why should our hearts be duller?  
Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,  
Sad thoughts and sunny weather,  
Ah me! this glory and this grief  
Agree not well together.

This is the parting season—this  
The time when friends are flying;  
And lovers now, with many a kiss,  
Their long farewells are sighing.  
Why is earth so gaily drest?  
This pomp that autumn beareth  
A funeral seems, where every guest  
A bridal garment weareth.

Each one of us, perchance, may here,  
On some blue morn hereafter,  
Return to view the gaudy year,  
But not with boyish laughter:  
We shall then be wrinkled men,  
Our brows with silver lapan,  
And thou this glen mayst seek again,  
But nevermore a maiden!

Nature perhaps foresees that Spring  
Will touch her teeming bosom,  
And that a few brief months will bring  
The bird, the bee, the blossom;  
Ah! these forests do not know—  
Or would less brightly wither—  
The virgin that adorns them so  
Will never more come hither!"

So very masterly indeed is Mr. Parsons's versification, that of itself, it would have sufficed to stamp an individual character upon his works. Whoever is really master of any art in its technical details, cannot fail of giving a genuine originality to his productions. But Mr. Parsons's well-trained Pegasus



lacks not "a proud rider for so proud a back." It were better for a poet, *as a poet*, to say well things that were ill worth saying, than to say ill the best things in the world. What Mr. Parsons says, however, while it is sure to be well said, is apt to be worth saying. His philosophy is Italian, but the pleasant Paganism of his thought has been dashed with New England intensities, and there is no mistaking his nationality. If the Lotus were a common weed with us, we should say that the "travelling Englishman," who writes to Rogers and the rest, must have eaten our lotus soon after reaching "Holt's Hotel." Perhaps it would be as well to say, "must have chewed our tobacco."

A quaint humor of his own Mr. Parsons has and a pathos too, as tender as his humor is quaint. There is a touch of the old time in both, a mellow endearing touch which suggests, without recalling, the courtly singers of the seventeenth century. Our poet's wine is of the true "Maid Tavern" tap. Suckling and Denham, and Herrick and "rare Ben" himself would have joined in that anthem to "Saint Péray!" And now that times and seas alike have passed away for those sweet souls, they would doubtless admit bright-hearted old Reditoo, "of their crew," and even wink in kindness on his foible, when he chilled the noble juice with some "allaying Rhone."

We have no space to speak of the various poems in which Mr. Parsons's peculiar powers seem to us most perfectly displayed. Nor need we do so. What could we say for them which they cannot say much better for themselves? The stately elegy, the finished translation, the dainty compliment, the humorous eclogue, the touching lament, the graceful ballad, all are there, and as the fabled motto hath it "They will maintain!"

Go to them, gentle reader; and if the knowledge of their being and their worth shall first have reached you, belated in some inland dell, or on the beach that sounds with Autumn's gathering storms, through our prevailing trump, why then remember us hereafter in all your orisons, and most of all when you approach the crystal shrines of those wise Saints of France, Peray, the sparkling patron of the arrowy Rhone, and Julien, the calm friend of travellers by the broad Garonne!

## Advertisements.

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Terms, twelve dollars for twenty-four lessons. Signor Corelli has removed to No. 47 Hancock Street, where henceforth he may be addressed; or at the Tremont House, or at the Messrs. Chickering's Rooms. Sept 9

### Mlle GABRIELLE DE LA MOTTE

Begs leave to announce that she has returned from the country, and is now prepared to resume

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Mlle. G. D. may be addressed at

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CARL ZERRAHN, of the late Germania Musical Society, begs leave to acquaint his friends and the musical public of Boston, that he will in future devote his attention to giving instruction on the FLUTE and PIANO-FORTE, and hopes to receive the liberal patronage of the musical community.

Carl Zerrahn would also inform those amateurs who are sufficiently advanced in classical music, that he has a number of the finest SONATAS, of the great masters, expressly composed for Piano and Flute, which he will be pleased to perform with those desiring to perfect themselves in this class of beautiful and instructive music.

Carl Zerrahn may be addressed at the Winthrop House, or at the music stores of G. P. Reed & Co., E. H. Wade, and N. Richardson. Sept 16 St

### ANDREAS T. THORUP,

### TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.

Residence, 84 Pinckney Street.

Sept 16

tf

### MISS FANNY FRAZER,

Has the pleasure to inform her Pupils and Friends that she has returned to the city, and will be prepared to resume instruction in SINGING and the PIANO-FORTE, on and after October 1st. Communications may be left with Messrs. G. P. Reed & Co. or at her residence, "PAVILION," Tremont Street. Sept 16

### F. F. MÜLLER,

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC AND ORGANIST at the Old South Church; Organist and Pianist of the Handel & Haydn Society, Musical Education Society, &c. &c.

Residence, No. 3 Winter Place, Boston.

Sept 16

3m

SIGNOR AUGUSTO BENDELARI, Professor of Music, from Naples, proposes to teach SINGING and the PIANO during the coming winter, in Boston, both by private and class lessons. The latter will be given to CHORAL CLASSES, on Tuesday and Friday evenings, for which purpose the Messrs. Chickering have kindly offered the use of their Rooms, in order to afford to as many as possible the advantages of a system of public musical instruction that has been attended with great success in Europe.

Applications to be made to Sig. AUGUSTO BENDELARI, at the Winthrop House, or to Messrs. Chickering & Sons, to whom, as well as to the following gentlemen, he is politely permitted to refer.

#### REFERENCES.

Rev. Sam'l K. Lothrop, Samuel G. Ward, Esq.  
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Sept 9

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#### REFERENCES.

John S. Dwight, Esq. Mrs. Farnham,  
O. Ditson, Esq. 6 Copeland st. Roxbury.  
N. Richardson, Esq. Epes Sargent, Esq.  
A. Berry, Esq. 28 Pearl st. Rev. Mr. Huntington.  
J. A. Hanson, Esq., 6 Bath st. Hon. J. J. Clarke, 27 State st.  
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### MR. THOMAS RYAN

Begs leave to inform his friends and pupils that he has returned to town for the season, and is prepared to give instruction on the PIANO, FLUTE, CLARINET, VIOLIN, and also in THOROUGH BASS. Applications may be made at his residence, No. 19 Franklin Street, or at Richardson's music store. Sept 16

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Of the late GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY, proposes to remain in Boston, and to give instruction on the VIOLIN, the PIANO-FORTE, and in the THEORY of Music.

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